OTHER SIDE OF SUNSHINE.

I never talk Philosophy,
Like Pessimists, an' such,
Who try to make a feller think
That life ain't nothin' much.

I guess there never wuz a spot
Where shadders didn't fall,
But shadder's jest the other side
O' sunshine, after all.

An' there ain't no use in fumin'
When the world seems out o' gear,
Fer music's always in the air,
An' love, an' song, an' cheer
Jest keeps a feller's spirits up
An' kinder makes him glad,
An' come what will, he's bound to think
Life ain't so awful bad.

Sometimes a feller has ter weep,
Sometimes he has ter laugh;
The shadders and the sunshine mix
Jest kinder half and half.
—N. O. Times-Democrat.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Yer can take it as yer darned well please," said the other, as he spoke placing his glass upside down on the counter, in order to prove beyond contradiction that it was empty. I immediately ordered a repetition, which was supplied. Thereupon the cabman continued:

"When I 'as a bit of business ter do yer must understand that I does it, and that no man can say as I doesn't. A gent gets into my keb and sez he: 'Drive me until I tell yer to stop, and go as fast as yer can,' sez he. 'Take every back street yer know of, and come out somewhere Hoxton way. I'm not partic'lar so long as I go fast, an' I don't git collared by the keb that's after us. If yer help me to give 'im the slip there's a five-poun' note for yer trouble.' Well, sez I to myself, this is a proper bit of business and there and then I sets off as fast as the old 'orse cud take us. We turns up Southampton street, and you turns up after us. As we was agoin' down 'Enrietta street I asked him to let me 'ave a look at his five-poun' note, for I didn't want no Bank of Fashion or any of that sort of truck shoved into me, you'll understand. 'You needn't be suspicious, cabby,' sez he, 'I'll make it suverings, if you like, and half a one over for luck, if that will satisfy yer?' When I told him it would, he give me two poun' ten in advance and away we went again. We weren't more than 'arf a mile away from here—thank ye, sir, I don't mind if I do, it's cold drivin'—well, as I was a sayin' we wasn't more than 'arf a mile away from here, when the gent he stands up and sez to me: 'Look here, Kebby, turn the next corner pretty sharp, and slow down at the first bye-street you come to. Then I'll jump out.' 'Right yer are, guvnor,' sez I, and with that he 'ands me up the other two poun' ten and the extry half-suvering. I fobbed it and whipped up the old 'oss. Next moment we was around the corner, and a-drivin' as if we was a trying to ketch a train. Then we comes to a little side street, an' I slows down. Out 'e jumps and down he goes along a side street as if the devil was arter him. Then I drives on my way and pulls up 'ere. Bilked you were, guvnor, and I don't mind sayin' so, but business is business, and five poun' ten ain't to be picked up every day. I guess the old woman will be all there when I get 'ome to-night."

"That's all very well, cabby," I said, "but it's just likely you want to add another sovereign to that five-pound ten. If you do I don't mind putting another in your way. I tell you that I want to catch the man I was after to-night. He's as big a thief as ever walked the earth, and if you will help me to put my hand upon him, you'll be doing a service, not only to me, but to the whole country at large."

"What is it you want me to do?" he asked, suspiciously. "He treated me fair, and he'll take it mean of me if I help you to nab him."

"I don't want you to do anything but to drive me to the side street where you put him down. Then you can take your sovereign and be off home as quick as you like. Do you agree?"

He hesitated for a space in which a man could have counted 20, and then set his glass upon the counter.

"I'll do it," he said. "I'll drive yer there, not for the suvering, but for the good of the country yer speaks about. Come on."

I gave my own man his money, and then followed the other out to his cab. He mounted to his box, not without some help, and we presently set off. Whether it was the effect of the refreshment he had imbibed, or whether it was mere elation of spirits I cannot say, the fact, however, remains that for the whole of the journey, which occupied ten or twelve minutes, he howled vociferously. A more joyous cabman could scarcely have been discovered in all that part of London. At last he pulled his horse to a standstill, and descended from his seat.

"This 'ere's the place," he said, "and that's the street he bolted down. Yer can't mistake it. Now let's have a look at yer suvering, guvner, and then I'll be off home to bed, and it's about time too."

I paid him the sum I had promised him, and then made my way down the narrow street, in the direction Hayle had taken. It was not more than a couple of hundred yards long, and was hemmed in on either hand by squalid cottages. As if to emphasize the misery of the locality, and perhaps in a measure to account for it, at the further end I discovered a gin-palace, whose flaring lights illuminated the streets on either hand with brazen splendor. A small knot of loafers were clustered on the pavement outside the public, and these were exactly the men I wanted. Addressing myself to them I inquired how long they had been in their present position.

"Best part of an hour, guv'ner," said one of them, pushing his hands deep down into his pockets, and executing a sort of double shuffle as he spoke. "Ain't doin' any harm 'ere, I 'ope. We was 'opin' as 'ow a gent like yourself would come along in the course of the evening just to ask us if we was thirsty, and wot we'd take for to squench it."

"You shall have something to 'squench' it, if you can answer the questions I am going to ask you," I replied. "Did either of you see a gentleman come down this street, running, about half an hour or so ago?"

"Was he carrying a rug and a bag?" asked one of the men, without hesitation.

"He was," I replied. "He is the man I want. Which way did he go when he left here?"

"He took Jim Boulter's cab," said another man, who had until a few moments before been leaning against the wall. "The Short 'Un was alookin' after it for 'im, and I heard him call Jimmy myself. He tossed the Short 'Un a bob, he did, when he got in. Such luck don't seem ever to come my way."

"Where is the Short 'Un, as you call him?" I inquired, thinking that it might be to my advantage to interview that gentleman.

"A-drinkin' of his bob in there," the man answered. "Where d'ye think ye'd be a-seein' 'im? Bearin' 'isself proud like a real torf, and at closen' time they'll be chuckin' 'im out into the gutter, and then 'is wife'll come down, and they'll fight, an' most like both of 'em'll get jugged before they knows where they is, and come before the beak in the mornin'."

"Look here," I said, "if one of you will go in and induce the gentleman of whom you speak to come out here and talk to me, I would not mind treating the four of you to half a crown."

The words had scarcely left my lips before a deputation had entered the house in search of the gentleman in question. When they returned with him one glance was sufficient to show me that the Short 'Un was in a decidedly inebriated condition. His friends, however, deeming it possible that their chance of appreciating my liberality depended upon his condition being such as he could answer questions with some sort of intelligence, proceeded to shake and pummel him into something approaching sobriety. In one of his lucid intervals I inquired whether he felt equal to telling me in what direction the gentleman who had given him the shilling had ordered the cabman to drive him. He turned the question over and over in his mind, and then arrived at the conclusion that it was "some hotel close to Waterloo."

"WHAT IS IT?" I INQUIRED. "ANYTHING WRONG?"

This was certainly vague, but it encouraged me to persevere.

"Think again," I said; "he must have given you some definite address."

"Now I do remember," said the man, "it seems to me it was Foxwell's hotel, Waterloo Road. That's where it was, Foxwell's hotel. Don't you know it?

" 'Foxwell's Hotel is a merry, merry place,
When the jolly booze is flowin', flowin' free.'

Now chorus, gen'men."

Having heard all I wanted to, I gave the poor wretches what I had promised them, and went in search of a cab. As good luck would have it I was able to discover one in the City Road, and in it I drove off in the direction of Waterloo. If Hayle were really going to stay the night at Foxwell's hotel, then my labors had not been in vain, after all. But I had seen too much of that gentleman's character of late to put any trust in his statements, until I had verified them to my own satisfaction. I was not acquainted with Foxwell's hotel, but after some little search I discovered it. It was by no means the sort of place a man of Hayle's wealth would be likely to patronize, but remembering that he had particular reasons for not being en evidence just at present, I could understand his reasons for choosing such a hostelry. I accordingly paid off my cabman and entered the bar. Taking the young lady I found there a little on one side, I inquired whether a gentleman had arrived within the last half-hour, carrying a bag and a heavy traveling-rug.

Much to my gratification she replied that such a gentleman had certainly arrived within the past half-hour, and was now at supper in the coffee-room. She inquired whether I would care to see him. I replied in the negative, stating that I would call next day and make myself known to him.

"We are old friends," I said, "and for that reason I should be glad if you would promise me that you will say nothing to him about my coming to-night."

Woman-like the idea pleased her, and she willingly gave the promise I asked.

"If you want to see him you'd better be here early," she said. "He told me when he booked his room that he should be wanting to get away at about ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I'll be here well before that," I replied. "If all goes right, I shall call upon him between eight and nine o'cock."

Feeling sure that, after what I had said to her, she would say nothing to Hayle about my visit, I returned to my own hotel and retired to rest.

Next morning I was up betimes, had breakfasted, and was at Foxwell's hotel before eight o'clock had struck. I proceeded straight to the bar, where I discovered my acquaintance of the previous evening, in curl papers, assiduously dusting shelves and counter. There was a fragrance of the last night's potations still hovering about the place, which had the dreary, tawdry appearance that was so different to the glamour of the previous night. I bade the girl good morning, and then inquired whether she had seen anything of my friend. At first she did not appear to recognize me, but on doing so she volunteered to go off and make inquiries. She did so, to return a few moments later with the information that the gentleman "had rung for his boots, and would be down to breakfast in a few minutes."

"I wonder what you will have to say for yourself when you see me, Mr. Hayle," I muttered. "You will find that I am not to be so easily shaken off as you imagine."

I accordingly made my way to the dining-room, and seating myself at a table ordered a cup of coffee and an egg. The London egg is not a favorite of mine, but I was prepared to eat a dozen of them if necessary, if by so doing I could remain in the room long enough to find myself face to face with Gideon Hayle. Several people put in an appearance and commenced their morning repast, but when a quarter of an hour had elapsed and the man I wanted had not presented himself, my patience became exhausted and I went in search of my hourie of the bar.

"My friend's a long time coming down," I said. "I hope he has not gone out to breakfast?"

"You must be mistaken," she answered. "I saw him come downstairs nearly a quarter of an hour ago. He went into the dining-room, and I felt sure you must have seen him. If you will follow me I'll show him to you."

So saying she led the way along the dingy passage until she arrived at a green baize door with two glass panels. Here she stopped and scanned the dining-room. The boots, who had just come upstairs from the lower regions, assisted in the operation, and seemed to derive considerable satisfaction from it.

"There he is," said the girl, pointing to a table in the furthest corner of the room; "the tall man with the black mustache."

I looked and was consumed with disappointment. The individual I saw there was no more like Hayle than he was like the man in the moon.

"Do you mean to tell me that he is the man who arrived late last night in a cab, and whose luggage consisted of a small brown bag and a traveling rug?" I asked. "You've been having a game with me, young woman, and I should advise you to be careful. You don't realize who I am."

"Hoighty toity," she said, with a toss of her head that sent her curl-papers dancing. "If you're going to be nasty, I am going. You asked for the gentleman who came late last night with a bag, and there he is. If he's not the person you want, you mustn't blame me. I'm sure I'm not responsible for everybody's friends. Dear me, I hope not!"

The shock-headed boots had all this time been listening with the greatest interest. He and the barmaid, it appeared, had had a quarrel earlier in the morning, and in consequence were still far from being upon the best of terms.

"The cove as the gent wants, miss, must be 'im as came close upon 11 o'clock last night," he put in. "The toff with the bag and blanket. Why I carried his bag up to number 47 with my own 'ands, and you know it."

The girl was quite equal to the occasion.

"You'd better hold your tongue," she said. "If you don't you'll get into trouble."

"What for?" he inquired. "It's a free country, I 'ope. Nice sort of toff 'e was, forgot all about the boots, and me a-doin' 'is browns as slap-up as if 'e was a-goin' out to dinner with the queen. But p'reaps he's left a 'arf-sovereign for me with you. It ain't likely. Oh, no, of course it isn't likely he would. You wouldn't keep it carefully for me, would you? Oh, no, in course not? What about that two bob the American gent gave you?"

The girl did not wait to hear any more, but, with a final toss of her head, disappeared into the bar.

"Now, look here, my friend," I said to the boots, "it is quite evident that you know more about this gentleman than that young lady does. Tell me all about him, and I'll make it worth your while."

"There ain't much to tell," he answered. "Leastways, nothin' particular. He was no end of a toff, great-coat with silk collar, neat browns, gloves, and a bowler 'at."

"Mustache?"

"Yes, and waxed. Got a sort of broad-arrow on his cheek, and looked at ye as if 'is eyes was gimlets, and he wanted to bore a hole through yer; called at seven, breakfast at half-past, 'am and eggs and two cups of corfee and a roll, all took up to 'im in 'is room. Ordered a cab to catch the nine o'clock express to Southampton. I puts 'im in with his bag and blanket, and says: 'Kindly remember the boots, sir,' and he says: 'I've done it.' I said I 'adn't 'ad it, and he told me to go to—, well, the place as isn't mentioned in perlite company. That's all I know about 'im."

He paused and shook his head in the direction of the bar, after which he observed that he knew all about it, and one or two other things beside.

I gave him a shilling for his information and then left the house. Once more I had missed Gideon Hayle by a few minutes, but I had received some information that might help me to find him again. Unfortunately, however, he was now well on his way to Southampton, and in a few hours might be out of England. My respect for that astute gentleman was increasing hourly, but it did not deter me, only made me the more resolved to beat him in the end. Making my way to Waterloo, I inquired when the next train left for Southampton. Finding that I had more than an hour and a half to wait, I telegraphed to the man I had sent to Southampton to watch the docks, and then took the electric railway to the city, and made my way to my office, where a pile of correspondence awaited me on my table. Calling my managing clerk to my assistance, I set to work to examine it. He opened the letters while I perused them and dictated the various replies. When he came to the fifth he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" I inquired. "Anything wrong?"

[To Be Continued.]

AN ANTIQUATED BILL.

Wanted Pay for Steers Sold to Gen. Wadsworth's Father in 1843.

A man at least 80 years old came into the office of Representative Wadsworth, of New York, a few days ago. Mr. Wadsworth was out, but the clerk invited him to have a seat and wait for the congressman to return, says a Washington correspondent of the New York World.

"My name is Williams," said the caller, "and I came in to see if Mr. Wadsworth would pay a little bill I have against him."

"Of course, he will," remarked the clerk. "Let me see it, and I will probably be able to settle it and save you the trouble of waiting for him."

The old man passed the bill over to the clerk, whose face grew long as he saw that the bill was made out against the father of the congressman, who was killed in the civil war.

"Why," he exclaimed, "this is against Gen. Wadsworth, who has been dead nearly 40 years."

The old man said he knew that very well, but he thought it would do no harm to see if the son would not settle it.

"I heard just a few days ago that the general was dead, but, as I had planned to come on in a few days to ask him for the money, I thought I would see the son. You see, Mr. Wadsworth's father bought that pair of steers from me in 1843. I didn't need the money then, but I think I do now, and that's why I came."

A few questions elicited the fact that Mr. Williams lives 25 miles from the city, and that he had walked every foot of the way. The clerk urged the old man to prolong his stay when he began to get fidgety after waiting more than an hour for the congressman.

"No," said he, "I guess I'd better toddle along and get back so as to take care of the stock."

And he toddled. But a registered letter followed him, and it was for ten dollars more than the face of the bill.

Kindred Vices.

Rev. Justus Forward, settled in Belchertown, Mass., a hundred years ago, once reproved a workman for swearing while he was plowing a new field. "Swear!" said the man. "I guess you'd swear!"

Mr. Forward took the plow and hurried after it, indignantly denying the charge. Then, as the field became more impassable, he began panting:

"I never did see the like! I never did see the like!" When he had gone once round the field he stopped, breathless, and said:

"There, you see, I didn't find it necessary to swear."

"No," drawled the other man, "but you've told more'n 50 lies. You said you never did see the like, and you saw it all the time I was plowin'."—Youth's Companion.

Equalizing Things.

Harkins—A woman always takes off a few years when she gives her age.

Barker—That may be; but she makes up for it by adding a few years when she gives the age of her friend.—Boston Transcript.

A Grave Question.

Considering all the trouble it is to take care of one's self, it is a grave question sometimes whether it really pays to live.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.